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[Translated by the Editor.]

A Review of the History of Music before Mozart.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

[Concluded.]

HAYDN, who surpassed GLUCK in invention and in science, went much further in the application of the fugue treatment to the elegant style. He called in the aid of the contrapuntal analysis of ideas, which had become the soul of great instrumental music, and which contained in itself the solution of the great problem of unity, together with progression of interest and inexhaustible variety. He created, or at least perfected what might be called the *melodic-thematic* style of composition. Let us hear the rest of the remark of GERBER, of which we have only given half:

"The feeling for the Beautiful and True, which moved our excellent HAYDN so deeply, suggest-

ed to him the types, which were to regenerate instrumental music. Instead of patching together a parcel of incoherent rags, after the fashion that has latterly prevailed, he showed how a whole could be constructed, full of grandeur and of beauty, with a single musical thought, developed and analyzed on different sides. That led us to the study of pure music, which for seventy years had been too much neglected, and which consists in the art of inventing a fruitful theme, of dismembering it and with its parts constructing a well designed (*motivic*) and complete whole, whether the composer works in the melodic style and in accordance with the taste of the times, or follows the rules of counterpoint and fugue. In either case the unity of the work will be the more apparent, as one feels the musical expression of one and the same emotion from the beginning to the end."

It seems to me that the last of the progressive revolutions in music has never been explained more clearly and in fewer words; a revolution (as it respects composition,) in which HAYDN was the most prominent actor, and which MOZART carried through to its extremest consequences.

With the exception of a few opponents, the universal opinion in our day places HAYDN above all musicians who preceded him; and no opinion ever seemed to be more truly founded. Was it not he who first combined the whole elementary power of composition in his works, and knew how to unite the opposite advantages of styles so long incompatible, leading them into the way of mutual concessions and borrowings, whereby he balanced the natural frailty of the one with the somewhat systematic stiffness of the other? In whom before HAYDN do we find a greater charm of expression united with the greatest solidity of labor, popularity coupled with science, the pledges of passing success with all those of a long futurity! More fortunate than MOZART, HAYDN found recognition of his greatness before he went down into the grave; his contemporaries overloaded him with proofs of their admiration, which time, indeed, could never lessen, although he was destined to share it with another. This is another contrast in the histories of the two musicians. The greatness of our hero, (MOZART) was only recognized after his death. While he was unremarked, and, as it were, hidden from the eyes of his age, to HAYDN remained the glory, single and alone, of standing on the lofty summit of the musical Parnassus. To-day he is no more alone,

and the head of a young man is there visible, in a much brighter halo than the patriarchal head of him who sang of the "Creation."

There is a very remarkable passage in BURNES, which affords an evidence of the enthusiasm which HAYDN inspired among the most enlightened of his contemporaries, and of the significance of the until then unknown power of instrumental music left to its own resources. The reader will permit me to remind him, that BURNES, in his travels and in London, had heard all the great singers of a period so rich in talent of that kind; that he knew the ancient as well as the modern music from its alpha to its omega; that both as an Englishman and as a scholar he was a passionate admirer of HANDEL; and that his personal taste, in spite of all this, drew him to the opera. He expresses himself in the following manner: "I am now happily arrived at that part of my narrative where it is necessary to speak of HAYDN! the admirable and matchless HAYDN! from whose productions I have received more pleasure late in my life, when tired of most other music, than I ever received in the most ignorant and rapturous part of my youth, when everything was new, and the disposition to be pleased undiminished by criticism or satiety."—In another place he says: "HAYDN's Adagios are often so sublime in ideas and the harmony in which they are clad, that though played by inarticulate instruments, they have a more pathetic effect on my feelings, than the finest opera air united with the most exquisite poetry." Of no other man has BURNES, in his long survey of the dead and the living, of all countries and of all times, employed such passionately eulogistic expressions.

We should feel authorized, after such decisive words from the mouth of such a man, to settle a question which has been so often raised among dilettanti, namely: Whether more genius be required for vocal or for instrumental music? Persons of an exclusive turn always decide easily, because they only see, or are willing to see one side of a thing; but to us, whose point of sight lies in the middle, whence we would fain look round on every side, the for and the against appear so nearly balanced, that we find it hard to say. It cannot be doubted that the style essentially pertaining to the great instrumental music is in itself the richest and most beautiful of all; equally certain is it, that the instrumentist, robbed of the coöperation of the human voice, in the contest with the illusions of the theatre and the trans-

porting evidence of musical meaning based upon a text, would infallibly get the worst of the battle, if he did not have to oppose to the union of several arts musical beauties which stand higher than the opera; beauties which are independent of every illusion, as well as of every predetermined explanation. By this we perceive that the instrumentist does not lack the means, unless it be his personal deficiency, of equalizing the game. With an orchestra, such as we have, no mechanical difficulty stops him; none of the thousand considerations and perplexities which besiege the musician, who has to translate the poetry of the words and at the same time enhance its beauty, can ensnarl and break the thread of his happiest conceptions. The musical foundation forms his only law. Free to execute, without the slightest hindrance, whatsoever he has power to conceive, he is in a certain manner the human *Me* in person; feeling and fancy are his interpreters, the infinite his only limit, and the entire resources of his art enable him to fill out the psychological frame, which admits neither of words, nor of determinate action.

If therefore one should judge the works of the dramatic and the instrumental composer simply as scores, that is, if he should see only notes in them, he would find that a Symphony, a Quintet, or a *worked-up* Quartet, are objects of greater value than an aria, a duet, an ensemble, or a chorus of an opera. But it would also be a great injustice to judge a dramatist merely by a comparison of scores, or even by a hearing of his music outside of the theatre. One might as well have a piece of scenic decoration displayed in his chamber, to judge there of the optical or perspective effect which it would produce upon the stage. The analogy is precise enough, since illusion runs through all the effects of theatrical music, and often constitutes its whole success. Many a nothing, if you regard the notes alone, brings to pass wonders in its dramatic application, and becomes quite a genial and felicitous idea. The instrumentist obeys only his Art, that is to say, himself; he who labors for the theatre obeys entirely other masters. His first and most important law is dramatic truth or correct application; his second law, which is to have an eye always to the interest of the singers and to their powers of execution, is all the more tyrannical, since it is subject to arbitrary construction; finally there comes in play his own interest, or the absolute worth of the work considered as a score. How many requirements, not to reckon the caprices of the local or the temporary taste, which reigns here more than anywhere else! Finally, we must not forget, that the human voice, whose ascendancy, wherever it cooperates, must be taken into account, possesses neither the compass, nor the variety, nor the mechanical power of the leading instruments of the orchestra; that its progression is limited to a comparatively very small number of phrases and melodic forms; which is the reason why it is far more difficult to be new and original in opera. With so many difficulties, so many limitations, so many contrary regards besetting him, how can we assign the dramatist a place below any other, supposing him to have nearly succeeded in conquering and harmonizing all? Shall we not count among the first of men the musician, who redeems the feeble outlines of a libretto from their nothingness, clothes them with a poetic splendor and breathes into them the life of passion? who can

move the heart by the charm and power of his pictures, satisfy the mind by the fidelity of his musical translation, and ravish the ear, while he produces themes, which will traverse the whole world and be repeated by every mouth:

"In all ears resounding,
Foreign to no tongue."

That such musicians are not too frequent, it will readily be granted, as well as that they are in no respect inferior to any. Hence it follows, that music with words and music without words, having one a compound and the other a single aim, require, for their perfect treatment, different peculiarities, and are not to be judged by the same rules. You judge the instrumentist by what he has made, and the dramatist by what he has been able to make under the given conditions; you must take account, in fact, of what he has not done. With the one there is only one thing to be considered, namely, the score; whereas three things claim the other's regard, namely, the score, the drama, and the *personale* of the singers at the maestro's disposal. Since the value of an instrumental work resides exclusively in the music, it demands comparatively a much greater power of invention, greater wealth of ideas, and a much deeper study of counterpoint. In an opera the musical value is diminished by a sort of compromise between clearly expressed and equally imperative necessities; but it is this very compromise, which forms the triumph of the dramatist. But to conduct this ultra-diplomatic business to a good end, wherein all must gain by whatsoever each one loses, he needs more reflection, more calculation, more æsthetic tact, more taste and cleverness than the instrumentist; if the merit of the one consists in making it forgotten by his work that Art has its limits, the merit of the other lies in filling, without overstepping, the bounds, with which he has declared himself contented by his very acceptance of the libretto. Therein lie for him the elements of success and the pledges of the most brilliant and most honorable popularity, to which a musician can lay claim; the popularity of a GLUCK, a CIMAROSA and a WEBER. No one has so large an audience as the dramatic composer; no fame resounds so loud as his. The circle of the instrumentist is much smaller; but his hearers listen to him a much longer time. A symphony outlasts an opera, for the reason that no value, which it is possible to lend to a musical work, can equal the pure musical value.

The peculiarities, which form the distinctive genius of these two classes of musicians, seldom meet in the same degree in the same individual. MOZART excepted, I know no one, who could have taken the first rank equally in instrumental music and in the opera, although nearly all the first celebrities of modern times have striven for this double crown. HAYDN's operas have been long forgotten. BEETHOVEN's *Fidelio* proves, in spite of its actual and numerous beauties, that the giant of the Symphony felt himself cramped within the dramatic limits. Besides, he has only written this one opera,—a proof that the Opera was not his calling. The instrumental music of WEBER would not, without the *Freyschütz*, have made his name more than European and immortal. What shall we say of the violin quartets of ROSSINI! We once played them through and could scarcely credit that they were by ROSSINI. The composer of *Il Barbiere* must know, better than another, all he lacks for making violin quartets.

Here we might conclude this long, but indispensably necessary Introduction. I had to premise with a history of Music as a foundation for the following labor, since the works of MOZART, which we now mean to examine, include in themselves this history from JOSQUIN down to HAYDN. May I be permitted to recapitulate the events and thoughts, which serve for the main pillar of this Introduction.

Music, intrinsically considered, divides itself into natural and artificial music. The first proceeds from the instinct of the chord; the other rests upon a positive knowledge of Harmony. In all times, everywhere, Music has existed in the state of nature, as it still exists in nine tenths of the habitable earth; true musical Art appears first in the sixteenth century, and indeed only in some parts of Europe. There never was, then, a revival of Music, whatever the books may say about it. As much controversy as there has been between learned and natural music, still the former was no Art; it was nothing but a striving or an aspiration. Her first advances date from the time when she began to borrow from her older sister; this led her nearer and nearer to the truth and ended with a perfect reconciliation of science and instinct, that is to say, with chords and melody. The progress of musical art was constantly logical, without being supported by proofs. The canonical counterpoint begat chords, and chords begat Melody, a chain so perfectly consecutive, that it would have produced nothing, if it had lain in the power of any man to change its order. It was necessary to begin with cultivating music, without any reference to its application, before the application could be rendered possible. Without the abuses of the contrapuntal style, of which the church complained, and which were the real advances of that style, the way that led it to the stand-point of Art, there would have been no church music. Without the abuses of the melodic style, which threatened to stifle the drama in Italy, and which nevertheless were nothing but the natural and necessary development of this style, GLUCK and PICCINI would have found nothing, on which they could base the True and Beautiful, the one in lyric tragedy, the other in the *opera buffa*. After a long and seemingly irreconcilable separation, Counterpoint and Melody reproduced two different kinds of value in the works of Music. To the Fugue belonged the strict development of a subject or *motif*, and the logical combination of musical ideas, as the result of a mighty and enduring labor; to Melody the power of expression, the charm that lies in the musical analogies of impassioned feelings. At length these two extremes approached each other; the contrapuntist and the melodist began to melt into one man, who is now called simply the composer.

While I have thus sought to cast a philosophical glance over the history of musical art, I must confess that I have counted upon an indulgence, which cannot reasonably be refused to individual and confessedly hasty representations. I have in a few pages given the fruit of several years' studies. Whether my judges, the well-informed musicians, approve me or condemn me, they at least will not forget, that the first steps on an untrodden way are always difficult, and that a leaf out of one's self in so new a matter, frequently requires more mental outlay, than a whole volume of compilations and extracts.

Rossini, the Composer.

The London *Athenæum*, in a review of a book on the Life and Works of Rossini, by the Brothers Escudier, of Paris, says:

If M. Rossini's character be discussed as unscrupulously as we are only accustomed to discuss the character of those who are no more, it is because such is his humor; and because few men, living or dead, have taken their position betwixt retirement and publicity with so perverse and puerile a coquetry. Hardly six weeks of any season elapse that some new letter from the *maestro*—whether as testimonial, or in sly depreciation of those who have succeeded him, or in modest entreaty that "he may be left to repose"—does not remind the world that a great genius is still on the earth, whom nobody and nothing shall ever again induce to utter a word. If it be his pleasure to mock and play tricks, it is no indelicacy to advert to these characteristics openly and (as we feel regarding them) reproachfully. When, instead of decorous repose, we are vexed by the question of cynical trifling, vexation is justifiable if it speaks aloud.

The brothers Escudier, however, appear to find everything in the life of Signor Rossini as delicious as every bar of his music. Like himself, they have no words sharp enough to condemn the Meyerbeers, Halévy's and others, who have endeavored to strike out a new line in dramatic composition, and the insinuation of this polemical tone into every possible paragraph gives to their book a bad flavor. We do not always know whether we are dealing with a labor of love or a labor of hate. This said, we shall merely further paraphrase an anecdote or two—such, we fancy, as may be new to the English reader. For their authenticity the Brothers Escudier are warrant. It is from these gentlemen we learn, that Rossini has in his portfolio an opera (*Ermione*) only once performed in Naples, and immediately withdrawn as too good for its public; which opera Signor Rossini designates as his Italian *Guillaume Tell*, declaring that it shall not be performed again till after his death. They give us also a new story concerning that fabulous eccentric—the enthusiastic travelling Englishman. The scene is Naples, the time is the morning after the first representation of *Otello*, which had excited transports of rapture—and here is the amusing romance—of which the reader will believe as little as he likes.

"The day after (say the brothers Escudier,) at the moment when Rossini was in the midst of his intimate friends, who were felicitating him—glass in hand—on the success of his new opera,—somebody knocked at the door. Barbaja (the manager) got up to open it. There presented himself an Englishman, aged fifty, or thereabouts. 'What do you want?' said Barbaja. 'M. Rossini,' was the answer. 'And what do you want with M. Rossini?' 'I want to see him.' 'Very well; see him as much as you like.' During this interlude Rossini had made a significant sign to the Count de F—, and had asked him to take up a position opposite to the Englishman. The end was that the Englishman sat down at the table, staring at the Count de F—, who, like Rossini, wore a blue coat and a white cravat. The party continued drinking, and the Englishman was invited to make one of the breakfast. Like the rest, he drank and proposed a toast to the illustrious composer; to which the Count de F— replied with the most perfect modesty. The company began to laugh at the ridiculous scene, when the Englishman, rising with the utmost coolness, saluted Rossini, or rather the Count de F—, in his own stiff way, and departed. Going out, he whispered Barbaja, and said, 'Sir, I must have either a coat or a waistcoat of M. Rossini's, at any price.' The plot thickened. 'Wait an instant,' replied Barbaja; 'I will come back in a moment.' When Barbaja announced this strange fancy on the part of the Englishman, the guests began to laugh like mad. The Count de F— took off his coat, and handed it to the *impresario*. The Englishman was waiting. 'Here,' said M. Barbaja, 'is M. Rossini's blue coat.' The Englishman quietly took

out his purse, drew thence a hundred pounds, and charging M. Barbaja to offer these to M. Rossini, disappeared. 'This sum,' said Rossini, 'will be a good thing for the chorus singers at El Fondo and San Carlo'—turning towards Barbaja; 'I will have it divided among them.' This comical scene the next day furnished diversion for all the *salons* of Naples. A paper got hold of it and printed it at full length. At the second representation of *Otello* the Englishman was to be seen in a stall. During the second act, while Iago was singing his cavatina—

Gia la fiera gelosia,

an exclamation of rage was to be heard among the audience. It was from the Englishman, who had been reading the article in the papers, narrating the amusing episode of which he was the hero. Every eye was turned towards the person who disturbed the effect of the singer. The Englishman was recognized;—he had stuffed himself into the coat of the young Count de F—. The mirth excited by this discovery was such that the unfortunate victim of Rossini's facetious humors was obliged to leave his stall."

The brothers Escudier, however, seem to have no doubt—nor misgiving—as to the truth of this wonderful story. If it were true, even, they do not see that it would be wise in any friend of M. Rossini to forget the foolish joke. Everything with them redounds to the credit of their hero, right or wrong, honorable or dishonoring—

"Everything (say they) was with him merely a play. His caustic humor spared neither strangers, and as little those who were his intimate friends: his nearest and his dearest, even, were not beyond the reach of his jokes. One day, at the fair of Lodi, he was rehearsing a little work of his. During the overture, an unlucky horn gave vent to some notes worse than equivocal. Rossini stopped the orchestra at once, crying out, 'What's that?' 'Tis I—I,' answered a feeble, frightened voice. 'Ah, is it?' was the answer, 'Pack up thy horn, and get home.' The horn-player was Rossini's own father."

Rossini seems to have no more respect for his own sincerity than he has for the idolatry of his admirers, or for his own "kith and kin," if we are to judge from the book before us. When he was writing *Guillaume Tell*—Boulevard Montmartre, Paris, No. 10—he began to tell an anecdote which excited general diversion.

"Would you believe it," said he, "I was obliged at Padua to come and make *cat's noises* in the street, at three o'clock in the morning, before a certain house, which I much wished to enter? Where, as I was known to be master of music and tolerably vain of my good notes, the humor was to make me *mew* false." While recounting this absurd adventure, he laughed violently, and continued writing on. Levasseur (the well-known bass singer) had the curiosity to inquire what in the brain of the *maestro* could have recalled so unexpected an anecdote,—and approached the desk at which Rossini was working, who at that instant was covering his paper with sand, crying, 'There! I've got rid of that.' "Of what?" said Levasseur, "something very comical and original?" "Yes, I've been scoring my *trio*." And some hours afterwards he sent to the copyist the *trio Mon père, tu m'as du maudire*—one of the most beautiful portions of his *Guillaume Tell*.

In some respects we are struck by a strange analogy betwixt the humors of M. Rossini and of Byron.

"For the sake of a *bon mot* (say the Brothers Escudier), Rossini could not spare his best friends. * * M. Tadolini, formerly *chef du chant* at the Italian theatre at Paris, was used after the theatrical season to pass four or five months at Bologna, his birth-place, by way of getting rest. There he bought an ass, and spent a part of every morning in going along the streets thus mounted. One day we were coming out of Rossini's hotel, when the *maestro* espied Tadolini creeping along. 'Ey, ey,' was his exclamation, looking at us in astonishment, 'here's an odd thing! Tadolini has stayed at home this morning, and left the ass to go out by itself.' * * * And what is more odd, there is no one among his

countrymen whom the *maestro* loves more than this very Tadolini."

The above are characteristic traits enough, after their Southern kind, though not, perhaps, as engaging to our Northern intelligences as the Brothers Escudier may have fancied. We cannot but mourn over Signor Rossini as the most eminent specimen of wasted genius which the annals of Art furnish,—while we allow for temperament, training, country, early popularity—for all, in short, that disturbs and disarranges a career and a character.

THE GREEN-ROOM.—It is remarked in *Household Words* that there are few duller, prosier, more common-place scenes than the green-room of a theatre; and the artist's foyer at an opera house is ordinarily the dullest of the dull. "A prima donna swallowing sherry negus with an egg in it, preparatory to her grand scene; a basso stretching himself on the cushions of an ottoman and yawning in an ecstasy of fatigue; a tenor sulking in a corner because his aria has not been encored; a baritone suffering from hoarseness, expectorating and swallowing cough lozenges with distressing pertinacity; a crowd of mysterious snuffy, musty old French women, with handkerchiefs tied round their heads, pottering in corners with second-hand foreigners, who snuff more than they speak, and spit more than they snuff; these are the principal features of an operatic green-room."

THE BOOKSELLER IN HEAVEN.

By Dr. T. W. PARSONS.

But all is ended now! John's work is o'er:
He feasts, and pays, and publishes, no more.
Henceforth no volume, save the Book of fate,
Shall bear for him an interest small or great:
And if, in heaven, his literary soul
Walk the pure pavement where the planets roll,
Few old acquaintances will greet him there,
Amid the radiant light and balmy air;
Since few of all who wrote or sang for him
Shall join the anthem of the seraphim.
Yet there might Fancy, in a mood profane,
Behold him listening each celestial strain,
Catching the cadences that sweetly fall,
Wondering if such would sell, below, at all,
And calculating, as they say on earth,
How much those heavenly hymns would there be worth.

William Mason.

From the *Traveller* of Sept. 23d.

William Mason was born in Boston, in the year 1829. At a very early age he commenced playing the pianoforte of his own accord. He manifested a very quick and accurate ear, and while quite a child—when he could just reach the keys of the instrument, he noticed the difference between chords and discords, and became interested in finding out *thirds* on the pianoforte. He did not know what this interval was; he only knew that the combination of tones pleased him. On one occasion his father explained to him something about chords, as thirds and fifths, and called his attention to a *minor third*, which delighted him greatly. For sometime afterwards he busied himself in hunting out minor chords, which, when found, always gave him much pleasure. When six years of age, he played the organ in church; his father standing over him to play the interludes between the verses of the hymns. His memory and powers of imitation have always been great. When but a mere child he would catch airs from street organs, and play them on the pianoforte at home, with all the parts just as they were played on the organ.

When about fourteen years old, he heard a large music-box which played three overtures, and in a few days he played the same overtures on the upper keys of the pianoforte, exactly imitating the music-box. Whenever he heard an overture or other piece played by an orchestra, he would afterwards play it on the pianoforte, giving remarkable imitations of the orchestral instruments. He commenced composing little pieces before he understood musical notation, and would get his father to write them down from his

playing; afterwards, when he commenced writing for himself, he would bring the manuscript for his father to look over while he played, to see if he had written it correctly. He first played in public, at one of the concerts of the Boston Academy of Music, in 1845. He afterwards played in Cincinnati, Hartford, Rochester, Syracuse, Augusta, Me., and other cities, where he excited much enthusiasm and was even then considered one of the best pianists that had been heard in the United States. His improvisations on "The Last Rose of Summer" were considered superior to Herz, and his extemporizing on "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle" and working them up together, always excited great enthusiasm.

In April, 1849, Mr. Mason went to Germany. He first studied with Moscheles of Leipzig. He studied harmony with Hauptmann of the same city. He next studied with Dreyschock of Prague. He spent five years abroad, mostly in the cities of Leipzig, Prague, Frankfurt, Berlin, Dresden, Vienna and Weimar. He was induced to play at several concerts in these cities, including some "Royal" or "Court Concerts," and always met with flattering success. On the 20th of January, 1853, he was solicited, and consented, to play for the London Harmonic Union, at Exeter Hall. On that occasion he performed Weber's Concert-stück in such a masterly manner that he was encored. His last year abroad was spent with Liszt at Weimar. Liszt is so distinguished, not only for his artistic, but as well for his literary accomplishments, that he attracts to Weimar many of the brightest spirits of the age—poets, sculptors, painters, artists and scholars in all departments of art, science, and literature. This renders his friendship and instruction peculiarly valuable.

He only receives as pupils such young men as he believes to possess superior genius, and they are admitted to his closest intimacy and friendship, and enjoy the benefits of the society of those whom he attracts to Weimar. That Mr. Mason has profited largely by such companionship, not only his musical but his general culture abundantly attests.

SINGING TO SOME PURPOSE.—The famous Christy, the negro minstrel, is said to have made \$160,000 nett profit by his concerts. About this the papers speculate, and some approve and some do condemn. We say nothing except that we should like to have the money. It seems a large sum, but think how many faces have been corked, how many jigs danced, how many songs sung, how many tambourines thumbed, how many banjos thrummed, how many fiddle bows worn out, what tons of rosin used up, what thousands of bad jokes cracked, how often the dilatory Daniel Tucker has been declared too late for the evening repast, how long the wagon has been waited for, how frequently the thoughtless fugitive has requested to be carried back to "ole Virginny," what a number of passages have been made to the other side of Jordan, and what a vast number of times poor Brudder Bones has shouldered his banjo and shambled out—before Christy found that balance to his credit. We do not find fault with him. People may call it low—perhaps it is—but they like it. If laughing makes people fat and long-lived, why then Christy is a public benefactor, and quite as worthy of his money as if he had made it by exhibiting mermaids and living skeletons.

New Bedford Mercury.

New Music.

(Richardson's "Correct Editions.")

- F. CHOPIN. 1. *Trois Valses pour le Piano*, Op. 64. No. 1, in D flat, *molto vivace*; No. 2, in C sharp minor, *tempo giusto*; No. 3, in A flat, *Moderato*. pp. 5, 7 and 7. Prices 25 cts. and 38 cts.
2. *Deux Polonaises*. Op. 26. pp. 17. Price, 75 cts.

1. Less than a year ago we had occasion to notice an edition of the three Waltzes above named, by another Boston publishing firm. We are not aware that there is ought to choose between the editions of

'53 and this of '54 on the score of "correctness." Certainly the copies before us have a most inviting look, and are engraved and printed in a style as clear and elegant as we receive from Europe. Of the dream-like, airy grace and poetry of Chopin's waltzes, of which these are among the best, we need not repeat what we said before; but we call attention to the noteworthy fact that Chopin, most select, refined and dreamy of composers, should have grown to be such a favorite in New England as to warrant two editions of such works as these. We think the credit of this belongs in a great measure to the masterly and sympathetic interpretations of OTTO DRESEL, in his concerts of the two past winters.

2. We are glad to see also a pair of Chopin's bold and impassioned Polonaises placed in so handsome and so cheap a form before our amateurs and students of the piano. In these the exiled Pole pours out the free and fiery soul of his heroic race, yet tinged with his own melancholy individuality. They are the two, in C sharp minor, (ending in D flat,) and in E flat minor, both rendered somewhat familiar in our concerts.

We trust our enterprising publishers will persevere in the good work and give us some of the best sets also of Chopin's *Mazurkas*, which must ever be the most fascinating, as well as the most practicable, of his creations to the greatest number. (One set of these, by the way, has been republished here.)

W. KRÜGER. *La Harpe Eolienne; Reverie pour le Piano*. Pp. 9. Price 50 cts.

A beautiful facsimile of one of the recent publications of the house of Meyer in Brunswick, with a neat pictorial title page. The music itself consists of a pleasing, dreamy sort of *andante con moto* melody, in broad 4-4 measure, with little wind-harp-like gusts of accompaniment, and frequent flights of *floriture*, subdued and gentle at the outset, but gradually swelling into louder and more passionate and rapid strains. It requires no small power and finished delicacy of execution, and may form a good artistic study, while it has a certain charm of poetry and sentiment, not to be sure very original or striking.

(From G. P. Reed & Co.)

A. STRADELLA. *Pity, O Savior (Pietà Signor)*, transposed for Contralto, Baritone and Bass, and English words adapted by GEO. F. ROOT. pp. 9. price 38 cts.

This is the famous prayer of Alessandro Stradella, one of the best old masters of the great Italian period of composition, whose romantic story of love and persecution is well known. It is a noble specimen of pure, religious melody, now nearly two centuries old. The accompaniment is simple, dignified and expressive. There is not only a quaint air of antiquity, but an earnest and believing spirit in the song. It contrasts greatly with the so called sacred music of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and has more affinity with that of Pergolese. Mr. Root has made a real addition to our fund of classic song, by his adaptation of this prayer. The Italian, as well as English, words are given. We now have the song itself, convenient for ordinary voices. How the melody has been made singable for the piano-forte, in Thalberg's *Art du Chant*, was noticed in our number before the last.

ROSSINI. *Les Soirées Musicales*. No. 3. *La Partenza* (The Parting). No. 4. *L'Orgia* (The Drinking Song). pp. 5; price 25 cts each.

We need not reiterate the value of this choice little collection of the non-dramatic songs of Rossini. The two now before us are among the finest of the twelve. No. 3 is a beautiful Canzonetta,

refined and intellectual in the character of its melody, while it has all the Italian warmth of the composer. It must be an accomplished artist who would sing it well. No. 4, *L'Orgia*, is full of champagne sparkle and *entrainment*; a most bright and piquant melody, in which the wildest pitch of young joy and enthusiasm finds utterance, modulating naturally into poetic pensiveness and the half-melancholy, which one rather woos than shuns. Liszt has made one of his brilliant and exciting little piano-forte "transcriptions" from it. The Italian verses are accompanied with fair English equivalents by Mr. Sprague.

(From Oliver Ditson, Boston.)

DONIZETTI. *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Vocal score complete, with piano-forte accompaniment, English and Italian words.

This is the third of the series of elegant and cheap editions of the standard operas in course of publication by Mr. Ditson. The music is too familiar to all music-lovers to require comment. Next to *Lucrezia Borgia*, perhaps, it is the best of Donizetti's operas, and every lover of the Italian lyric Muse will avail himself of such a chance of possessing its evanescent beauties for the ear in the permanent form of notes. The English words are by J. WREY MOULD, Esq., who also prefixes a brief account of the history of the opera.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 30, 1854.

Our Advertising...Change of Rates.

Our Advertisements crowd upon our reading matter. In the present size of the Journal, the space which we can give to advertising is necessarily small, and that space is already more than occupied. Of course an advertisement tells well in such a limited and select company, whereas it frequently escapes the eye and is as good as lost in the promiscuous crowd of many pages or a great blanket newspaper sheet. For our peculiar class of advertisers, too, the peculiar character of our Journal's circulation makes it a desirable medium for their notices, as has been already proved by the increasing amount of advertising business which has continually sought us without any kind of solicitation. What little room we have, therefore, for the cards and announcements of music-dealers, teachers, concerts, operas, artists, &c., becomes more and more in demand and more valuable. When the rates of advertising were uniformly raised by the entire newspaper press, we kept on at our old low rates, and find ourselves at this moment charging *only one sixth as much* as the other leading musical papers. Their larger circulation warrants some difference, but not so very marked a difference, considering the advantages on our side which offset theirs of wider circulation.

From this time forward, therefore, that is, commencing with our new volume, Saturday, Oct. 7th, our rates (for all renewals and new advertisements) will be as follows:

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

First insertion, per line 10 cts.
Each subsequent insertion, per line 5 cts.
For one column, (126 lines) first insertion \$12.00
Do do each subsequent \$6.00
Special notices (headed), each insertion, per line 20 cts.
Payments required in advance: for yearly advertisements, quarterly in advance.

William Mason's Concert.

The announcement of this eagerly expected concert stands in full in another column. But as a graceful preliminary we have first to record, the pleasant little *matinée* in Chickering's rooms, on Friday afternoon of last week, given by Mr. MASON to an invited audience, composed of a couple of hundreds of our best amateurs, critics, teachers and professors of music. It was an eminently refined, intelligent company. The young pianist introduced himself at once through the medium of one of Chickering's noble Grands, and continued to play a series of pieces, classical and

modern, as he was prompted by his feelings at the moment, or by suggestions from his delighted guests. The modesty and simplicity of his manner won back for him in advance all that his execution suffered from the natural embarrassment of such a trial. We have heard him when he played better, that is, more felicitously, more freely, when he was more perfectly himself. But there was enough to show a really great pianist, one not only wonderfully well up to the modern standard of mechanical virtuosity, but also imbued with the poetry and earnest faith of his artistic calling. His little chance preludings, mere unconscious snatches of melodic modulation, with which he bespoke the favor of his instrument, betrayed the true musical temper, with some spark of invention. The extempore selection was large and various. It included the Fantasia on the *Prophète* and the Hungarian Rhapsody of Liszt; a florid expansion (by which of the moderns we forget) of Weber's "Lullaby"; (this he played on the small triangular shaped piano, the last invention of the lamented Chickering, and since perfected by the sons, into one of the finest species of the *Clavier* family); Beethoven's Sonata in C sharp minor, in which of course he could not answer everybody's preconceived notion of the right rendering, but which he certainly played with masterly power and grace of execution, and with unction; a fugue by Handel, which captivated even unwonted and unwilling ears by the boldness and clearness with which he individualized the four parts intertwining; the well-known Impromptu by Chopin, which he made particularly effective; a brilliant bravura waltz of his own (thrown in by request), which opens with a moderate movement in strict style of thoughtful character, and after a brilliant cadenza dashes off into the rapid waltz theme, which sweeps on, accumulating more and more momentum, grasping at more and more powers of harmony, and clothing itself with large handfuls of extended chords, till it becomes a matter of excited triumph over frightful Lisztian difficulties, (really a clever effort of the kind, and causing a "sensation"); a pretty fancy of Willmers, a half thundering, half sentimentally soft caricature, it might be called, or at least exaggeration of the style of Liszt, which the performer smilingly announced to his audience as the *Caprice Heroique*, by Kontski, "a specimen of the most modern school" of piano music; besides some other pieces which escape our memory. Here was variety enough of power required to test a practical interpreter of the music, learned, inspired, fantastical, or pyrotechnical, which has sprung into being with the successive mechanical developments of the first plain germ and prototype of the modern piano-forte. All felt that here was truly a complete pianist, and felt it with peculiar pride and pleasure, that he was a Boston boy. It was one of the little feasts to be remembered.

The papers tell that the seats in Tremont Temple for Tuesday night are already largely taken up. Verily a piano-forte concert, in a large hall, and on the Lind and Sontag scale of audiences, is a new thing under the sun; a new thing too is a pianist of such high claims, whom we can call our own; and one new thing explains the other. The prospect of an audience so much larger and more miscellaneous, than the usual circle attending upon chamber concerts and familiar with the styles and composers there in vogue, renders it

perhaps not inappropriate to say a few words here of Mr. Mason's programme, just to hint the character and intention of the several pieces he proposes to present. The selection, wisely we think, is made from very various schools, as Mr. Mason is to illustrate the powers of the piano, and the various phases of his own pianism before many people of all tastes. By some it will be found too classical, by some not classical enough. But each of the six pieces set down is interesting and noteworthy of its kind. He begins with one of the most characteristic works of his last master, Liszt. Himself a native of Hungary, Liszt in this "Hungarian Rhapsody" commemorates and illuminates, as it were, in a rich setting of all the harmonic resources of his art and instrument, some of the quaint, wild, plaintive melodies of his race. He begins with enunciating in strong unison a sentence of some old national hymn, heroic and solemn; and with this for a motive establishes a wild, dark, tempestuous background across which there plays presently, as in a sort of dream light, a bright, yet minor Gypsy dance, succeeded by an exquisite ballad or love song, a bold, warlike chorus, &c. &c., interrupted by occasional returns of the stormy introduction, and all worked up into the unity of a truly poetic and imposing whole.

The *Impromptu* (op. 29) of Chopin indicates an unusually bright and exhilarating mood of Chopin's delicate, feminine, pensive and reverie-loving genius. It has the wild, rapturous whirl of the Tarantella, made doubly expressive by an occasional sudden break; yet in the episodic middle portion Chopin gravitates back to his own wonted mood of tenderness and fine and melancholy humor. The most poetic and spiritual of piano-forte composers since Beethoven; writing exclusively in the very genius of the piano; an invalid, sensitively shrinking from the public gaze, Chopin was no pianist for the great concert room, but the most rare and inspiring of musicians, in the small room, in the sympathetic circle of listeners. But why try to tell of his music here in a few words, when it has already been so fully characterized in these pages from the pen of his noble friend and appreciator, Liszt?

The *Saltarello* by Stephen Heller, sets out with a fragment of the Saltarello or Roman dance theme from Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony, (in A major,) with which it whirls you away with an almost inconceivable rapidity, ending with another motive from Mendelssohn's A minor or "Scotch" Symphony. Heller, of Jewish family, like many other great musicians, is one of the most infallibly elegant and artistic in style, and felicitous in invention of the piano composers now living.

The Sonata in C sharp minor is commonly called Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata. After the blackness and storm of Liszt's *Prophète* fantasy the other afternoon, it certainly came in like mild, poetic, spiritual moonlight. Beethoven wrote it in his young days of love, a love in his case mystical and Platonic. It is idle to attempt description, but some of our readers will recall what Berlioz said about the wonderfully beautiful slow movement with which it opens, and about Liszt's playing it in an inspired hour (Vol. iii. p. 103.)

The Fugue by Handel in E minor is one of the most brilliant fugues ever written for the piano. The theme or subject starts with a note thrice

strongly struck, followed by a long and curiously meandering phrase of melody, which is strictly imitated or answered in each of the four parts, and all wrought up into a beautifully clear, expressive whole, though intricate and complex in its structure. It is a fugue in great favor in the concerts of the great pianists abroad.

As an extreme contrast to this strict fugue, and by way of striking and effective finale, Mr. Mason seems to have selected one of the most loud and showy specimens of the ultra-modern, or "prodigious" school, as Putnam calls it, the *caprice heroique*, by Kontski. We cannot but suspect a freak of quiet fun in the selection.

Mr. M. has no assistance but the brothers MOLENHAUER, whose violin playing is the most remarkable instance we have ever witnessed of two instruments animated by one soul, even to the most infinitesimal shades of expression and ornament in their most elaborate and curious passages of skill.

Opera at Castle Garden.

New York, Friday Night, Sept. 22, 1854.

Dear Mr. Dwight:—I have twice heard GRISI, MARIO and SUSINI, and must send you a line about them. The opera was *Norma* on Wednesday night and to-night, and the impression I have received has been altogether an agreeable one. The orchestra was powerful, and was led well most of the time by Arditi; the chorus, also, was strong and in good training. Signorina Donovanni's appearance is consumptive and interesting, and she has a good voice and is a promising vocalist.

Now for the grand triad of stars. GRISI is as superb as I had been led to imagine by the glowing accounts of travelled connoisseurs, listened to with longing from time to time when I little hoped to have so soon a chance to judge for myself. She will remain permanently in the mind as the embodiment of what is goddess-like in woman. Her face although wearing almost a simper while in repose, is capable when awakened of every variety of expression, and would suffice to illustrate a tale of varied emotions unaided by voice or gesture. Her intentions are lofty without exception, indeed generally too high for the appreciation of any but intelligent spectators. While listening to Adalgisa's piteous recital of her crime of falling in love with the handsome Roman, her face is perfectly beautiful; a moment afterwards, on finding that the generous creature's lover is her own Pollione, it is perfectly terrible; subsequently it becomes perfectly stony. These and intermediate expressions of feature, and those of forgiveness and renewed love, seem to me larger than any we have seen before on the lyric stage here. She is a mature woman, with a nature generous enough to contain all the passionate attributes of Woman. Her profile, with the head thrown a little back, is splendid, and ought to be preserved religiously in marble for future generations. I believe she has always been celebrated for her manner of carrying the head; if she has not, I now pronounce it noble without any precedent. If I talked all night, which I feel like doing, I could only tell you she is Juno—she is La Diva. We have had a number of vocalists far more skillful, though her school has been a good one, and there is not a note of objectionable singing; but none to compare with her in dramatic expression; one cannot imagine spoken words

more full of terse vigorous meaning. When she begins the trio, "*Oh! di qual sei tu vittima*,"—or that one, "*Vanne, si*,"—or the duet, "*In mia mano*,"—you may expect to feel chilly.

MARIO made as much of the rather unattractive part of Pollione as a fine actor could quietly do. His bearing was Romanesque in dignity, but he showed none of that adventurous energy which so intrepid a lover might have been expected to feel. But his voice has had no forerunner here. It is only a mixed voice when he pleases; at times it is a pure tenor, and of what a quality! how sympathetic! it would blend with the coldest voice to be found in any of your choruses; no tones however hard could refuse its invitation. Not only Norma and Adalgisa, but the whole cloister of virgins were at his mercy, and it was very fortunate for the Druids that they put him away before he had done more mischief. He looks decidedly English, and is a tall well-made man, and his rosy cheeks indicate that he has been no enemy to malt. The ease with which his voice mounts to the highest range and performs graces there, would be amusing if it were not even more delicious and charming. It would be hard to say which one admired most, Grisi or Mario. They are grandly matched, and should always perform together, by all means, or keep silent.

I think SUSINI will surprise you more than either of the others, unless you are prepared to hear a first rate baritone. The part of Oroveso gives him but little scope for acting, but I should not judge that he would be a great actor in any part, though I am told he makes a good duca Alfonso; but his voice and his vocalizing are all you could ask. His organ is sonorous and metallic, and even in its whole compass, and under his entire control; there was not one phrase or groupette during the evening which was not clean and finished to an extraordinary degree—extraordinary, certainly in this part of the world, for a baritone. His power in the concerted pieces accords finely with the part of chief of the Druids, and is a constant comfort in the choruses.

I have thus spoken of all three stars. You will soon have a chance to correct or confirm my impressions, if you remember them; but I could not resist the pleasure of giving you this account of Norma, as I have heard it first. I am sorry I cannot tell you of Lucrezia, but I did not see it, and shall not, probably, see any other opera for a while to come.

There were five thousand people in that great barn, Castle Garden, to-night, which would contain eight thousand, and the audience was tolerably discriminating though not enthusiastic. The ensemble of the whole troupe is quite satisfactory, and you will have the opera well presented in the new theatre, when it is brought out there, and I assure you you may look forward to a memorable season.

Good night, and truly yours, **

NEW YORK, Sept. 27th, 1854.

Friend Dwight:—GRISI and MARIO constitute the only musical attraction of which we can boast. It is well that it is so, and that the *stelle minores* are for the time being content to twinkle in some other firmament; for when a world-renowned artist visits us, every lorgnette, telescope and microscope is employed until each phase of the stranger's character, whether artistic, social, or moral, is carefully noted down, and his parallax eccentricities, and relations to all the other stars ascertained. In short, we make a business of it, and study each luminary till we feel competent to

predict with the greatest minuteness his culmination, eclipse, or decadence, as the case may be. Having now two such stars upon which to make observations, we should of course, have no time to bestow upon lesser attractions, if they were here. Grisi and Mario, we have now heard in *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Norma*, and *I Puritani*. You have already presented your readers with different criticisms upon their performances in *Borgia* and *Norma*. In reference to them, therefore, I shall have but a word to say.

GRISI, as a singer, you will not of course expect to equal Jenny Lind or Sontag. She has by no means the glorious organ of the former, nor the artistic perfection of the latter. Her forte is in tragedy. In the expression of scorn, rage, jealousy, and similar passions, she is, so far as I know, absolutely unapproachable. She can concentrate in the tip of her index finger an amount of vengeance perfectly annihilating. Husbands and lovers had better be careful how they incur the displeasure of ladies who have enjoyed an opportunity of taking lessons from this queen of *haters*. This trait united with Grisi's statuesque figure, grace of action, and intellectuality, make her in some parts of *Lucrezia*, and *Norma*, in the highest degree triumphant. In other parts where vocalization or soul-moving devotion is required, she leaves much to be desired. Some of her upper tones are thin, easily fatigued, and regretfully remind us of what she has been. Her *Casta Diva* is very unsatisfactory. The calm breadth of devotion, which it seems natural to expect in the Druid Priestess, and which Jenny Lind so sublimely rendered, is in Grisi's interpretation almost entirely wanting.

MARIO has not the power necessary to make him a successful Pollione, and it is unfair to criticize him in this rôle, since he took it only for the sake of sustaining Grisi in one of her greatest characters. As Gennaro, the beauty of his voice, and the perfection of his style as a sentimental tenor, are displayed to the highest advantage in an aria written expressly for him by Donizetti and introduced in place of the *duo* that commences the third act. In other parts he is not very remarkable.

In *I Puritani* both Grisi and Mario sing uniformly better throughout than in either the preceding operas. If there are no very great points in their impersonations, there is less that is unsatisfactory, the music being more generally in the best range of their voices. Mario sings the *romance* at the commencement of the third act, Oh, so exquisitely! If he would leave out a few unmanly tones that he interpolates in this, it would be almost absolute perfection. The tones to which I refer are termed *falsetto*, but they are more properly speaking *head-tones*, for they lie above the *falsetto* of the tenor voice (C to F above the staff), and exactly correspond in pitch and quality to the *head-tones* of the soprano voice. Of course, being new, and to the people wonderful, they have much to do in winning for him an *encore* among those who appreciate only *ad captandum* effects.

SUSINI is a magnificent *basso* and is a great favorite when he sings in tune, which he has of late usually done. CUTURI's debut was by no means successful. His voice was unsympathetic, incorrect in intonation, and his style unfinished. He may do better next time, however. The chorus is very fair, but the least said about the orchestra, after you give it the credit of including a large share of excellent individual talent, the better. ARDITI has not the breadth of character necessary to make a good director.

Next week Grisi and Mario are to consecrate the New Opera House, (Academy of Music,) on Fourteenth street. Will not that be an occasion? Maretzek's Troupe is scattered to the four winds, and Mr. Hackett has therefore engaged this new temple of the lyric drama.

C. M. C.

OVERDOING THE MATTER.—The newspaper practice of trumpeting and puffing musical artists on the eve of their debut, has become so rife, that many have actually come to believe that the success of an artist is a thing to be created less by himself than by his man of business or advertising agent. No matter how excellent and true an artist he may be, his friends, in their over-anxiety for his success, think that a systematic effort must be made, at any cost, to "prepare the press," and through the press, the public. And straightway the indefatigable, unabashable, Barnum-bewitched agent opens a ten days' siege of daily and thrice daily visits upon all luckless editors, of all grades, from the Panjandrum of respectability to the smallest "Satanic," determined, if possible, that no idea shall dwell in their imagination or their columns, but the one all-engrossing and portentous idea of the newly risen star of virtuosity. And straightway, each amiable editor, whether he knows whereof he affirms or not, gets magnetized with Sir Agent's enthusiasm, and prints the most unqualified eulogy, only to wipe it all out again the moment that the next star comes, and so annihilate the force of language and of all terms of comparison.

Now a true artist does not need such help, and can but suffer from it; and we seize upon a present text for saying so, since we may do it with the better grace, being provoked to it in the case of a young artist in whom we are ourselves sincerely interested, and of whose piano-playing and artistic character we have ourselves spontaneously said so many good things that we almost fear that we too are suspected of having joined the army of professional *claqueurs*. Our young pianist will surely make his own mark; by no means can he do more; and we are quite sure that it will be a deep one. But when newspaper paragraphs declare him "superior to any pianist we have ever heard," "the acknowledged peer of Liszt and Thalberg," &c., &c., what thinking person does not see that the paragraphist is stating what he cannot possibly know to be true, even if it be true; because such comparisons can only be made after long and intimate acquaintance with the new pianist, as well as with the old.

We are almost forced to the conviction that it ought to be considered a violation of the *morale* that regulates the intercourse between concert-givers and the "Press," to pay or to receive such visits. Why not enact an eleventh commandment: "Thou shalt not approach an editor, until after thou hast given thy concert." Don't take us too literally or seriously; we throw out the hint for consideration. And bear in mind, that what we have said is in no manner personal, but applies to a prevailing practice in which it is hard to tell who is the most at fault. More anon.

WHERE WILL GRISI SING?—A correspondent, in a state of alarm which many share, writes us as follows:

MR. EDITOR—There is a rumor that the HOWARD ATHENÆUM has been engaged by Mr. Hackett for Grisi and Mario, who will shortly appear there. Is there any truth in this horrible report? Yours truly, J. S.

We do not know, but think it cannot be true. But we regret to learn that there is little or no encouragement to hope that the manager of the New Boston Theatre will set aside his paying English comedies for the Italian Opera. It certainly is a sad wreck of many of the hopes and dollars invested in that noble theatre, which is too grand for plays, and looks as if it had magically sprung up on purpose to receive a lyric *Diva*.

Mr. Hackett, we are informed, has made some overtures for the engagement of the Boston Music Hall. Grisi in concerts merely, would be but an aggravation. The directors of the Music Hall assure us that it can easily be adapted to operatic uses. It has stage-room 60 feet in width and 30 feet in depth; and scenery, &c., can be so contrived, as to be removable in a couple of hours, whenever it is necessary to change the theatre back to a concert-room. It strikes us as an excellent idea, and we are told that there are serious designs of carrying it out.

MISS GREENFIELD, known as the "Black Swan," has returned from Europe and announces a concert for Wednesday evening, which deserves attention, both as evincing capabilities for refined arts in one of an oppressed and lowly race, and as being for the benefit of the colored church in this city, in which the Rev. Mr. Grimes is doing a Christian and humane work.

WM. MASON'S CONCERT,AT THE
TREMONT TEMPLE,**On Tuesday Evening, October 3d;**

On which occasion he will be assisted by the

BROTHERS MOLLENHAUER,

The distinguished Violinists of Jullien's Orchestra, whose performances were received with such marked favor by the Boston public.

PROGRAMME.**Part I.**

1. Grand Fantasia: Duo for two Violins.
Brothers MOLLENHAUER.
2. Rhapsody on Hungarian Airs..... Liszt
WILLIAM MASON.
3. Solo: Violin..... Ernst
EDWARD MOLLENHAUER.
4. { a. Impromptu, op. 29..... Chopin
b. Saltarello (on a theme from Mendelssohn) Stephen Heller
WILLIAM MASON.

Part II.

5. { a. Sonata (op. 27, C sharp minor)..... Beethoven
b. Fugue (E minor)..... Handel
WILLIAM MASON.
6. Variations Brillantes: Duo for two Violins.
Brothers MOLLENHAUER.
7. Grand Caprice Heroique..... Kontski
WILLIAM MASON.

Tickets 50 cents; for sale at E. H. Wade's music store, 197 Washington street, and at Nathan Richardson's Musical Exchange, 282 Washington street, where seats can be secured on and after Thursday, Sept. 28.

Persons residing in neighboring towns can secure seats by sending (enclosing the requisite funds) to either of the music stores above named.

Doors open at 6½; Concert to commence at 7½ o'clock.

GRAND CONCERT,**MISS E. T. GREENFIELD,****AT TREMONT TEMPLE,****On Wednesday Evening, Oct. 4th.**

MISS E. T. GREENFIELD, popularly known as the "Black Swan," having just returned from England, where she has sung with great success before both the nobility and royalty, has consented to give a Grand Concert in this city for the benefit of the Twelfth Baptist Church of Boston, over which Rev. L. A. Grimes is pastor. She brings with her from her foreign trip, high testimonials of her accomplishments as a Musical Artist.

At several Grand Concerts in England, Miss Greenfield was assisted by Mrs. Alexander Newton, of Her Majesty's Grand National Concerts, Mr. Augustus Braham, (his first appearance since his return from America,) and Mr. Charles Cotton, from Milan, and others. Queen Victoria, who was present at one of these Concerts, privately remarked that she "was struck by the great compass of Miss Greenfield's voice."

Tickets 50 cents—to be obtained at the stores of John P. Jewett; Gould, Kendall & Lincoln; the principal Music Rooms; of Rev. L. A. Grimes, 23 Grove street, and at Tremont Temple. Sept 30

Mr. OTTO DRESEL

Will return to Boston by the first of October, when he will be prepared to receive pupils on the piano-forte.
Address meanwhile at this office.

MR. J. C. D. PARKER,

BEGS to announce that he is prepared to commence instruction in Piano-forte and Organ playing, Harmony and Counterpoint, and will be happy to receive applications at No. 3 Hayward Place, on and after Oct. 1st.
Sept 28 tf.

YOUNG LADIES' VOCAL MUSIC SCHOOL.

Rooms in connection with Mr. E. A. Beaman's Young Ladies' School, No. 23 Temple Place.

E. R. BLANCHARD, Teacher.

Also, Teacher of Music in Mr. Adams's Young Ladies' School, Central Place.

RESIDENCE, 24 WEST CEDAR STREET, BOSTON.

This School is designed for all who wish to acquire the ability to read music readily at sight, and is particularly adapted to the wants of those who desire to fit themselves to receive instruction, from the best masters, in the Cultivation of the Voice, Style, &c. Commencing with FIRST PRINCIPLES and proceeding upwards, by regular and successive steps, the students will acquire so thorough and practical a knowledge of the ELEMENTS of Vocal Music as will enable them to read even the more difficult CLASSICAL COMPOSITIONS with ease and fluency.

For terms, and other particulars, see Circular, which may be had at the Piano Rooms of Messrs. G. J. Webb & Co., No. 3 Winter street, where, also, Mr. Blanchard may be found between the hours of 2 and 3, P. M.

N. B. Mr. Blanchard will be happy to give instruction in schools and academies, if situated in the immediate vicinity.

Having examined the plan of instruction adopted in the Young Ladies' Vocal Music School, we most cheerfully say that it meets our unqualified approbation.

From the success which has heretofore attended the instruction of Mr. Blanchard we feel assured that his school will merit the fullest confidence of the public.

LOWELL MASON, G. J. WEBB, F. F. MÜLLER,
Geo. F. ROOF, B. F. BAKER.

Sept 30

THE HALLELUJAH.**LOWELL MASON'S NEW WORK**
Is now Ready.**IT CONTAINS NEARLY 1,100 PIECES,**

And is the most extensive collection of the kind ever published. There are

Tunes of 120 Metres,

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Terms, twelve dollars for twenty-four lessons. Signor Corelli has removed to No. 47 Hancock Street, where henceforth he may be addressed; or at the Tremont House, or at the Messrs. Chickering's Rooms.

Sept 9

Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LA MOTTE

Begs leave to announce that she has returned from the country, and is now prepared to resume

INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO-FORTE.

Mlle. G. D. may be addressed at

Sept 16 3m

55 HANCOCK STREET.**MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.**

CARL ZERRAHN, of the late Germania Musical Society, begs leave to acquaint his friends and the musical public of Boston, that he will in future devote his attention to giving instruction on the FLUTE and PIANO-FORTE, and hopes to receive the liberal patronage of the musical community.

Carl Zerrahn would also inform those amateurs who are sufficiently advanced in classical music, that he has a number of the finest SONATAS, of the great masters, expressly composed for Piano and Flute, which he will be pleased to perform with those desiring to perfect themselves in this class of beautiful and instructive music.

Carl Zerrahn may be addressed at the Winthrop House, or at the music stores of G. P. Reed & Co., E. H. Wade, and N. Richardson. Sept 16 8t

ANDREAS T. THORUP,**TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.****Residence, 84 Pinckney Street.**

Sept 16

tf

MISS FANNY FRAZER,

Has the pleasure to inform her Pupils and Friends that she has returned to the city, and will be prepared to resume instruction in SINGING and the PIANO-FORTE, on and after October 1st. Communications may be left with Messrs. G. P. Reed & Co. or at her residence,
"Pavilion," Tremont Street.

Sept 16

F. F. MÜLLER,

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC AND ORGANIST at the Old South Church; Organist and Pianist of the Handel & Haydn Society, Musical Education Society, &c. &c.

Residence, No. 3 Winter Place, Boston.

Sept 16

3m

SIGNOR AUGUSTO BENDELARI, Professor of Music, from Naples, proposes to teach SINGING and the PIANO during the coming winter, in Boston, both by private and class lessons. The latter will be given to CHORAL CLASSES, on Tuesday and Friday evenings, for which purpose the Messrs. Chickering have kindly offered the use of their Rooms, in order to afford to as many as possible the advantages of a system of public musical instruction that has been attended with great success in Europe.

Applications to be made to Sig. AUGUSTO BENDELARI, at the Winthrop House, or to Messrs. Chickering & Sons, to whom, as well as to the following gentlemen, he is politely permitted to refer.

REFERENCES.

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Sept 9

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Sept 16

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Of the late GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY, proposes to remain in Boston, and to give instruction on the VIOLIN, the PIANO-FORTE, and in the THEORY OF MUSIC.
Address No. 45 Harrison Avenue, or at any of the music stores. Sept 16

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MR. ADOLPH KIELBLOCK respectfully gives notice to his pupils and the public that he has returned to the city, and resumed his lessons on the Pianoforte and in Singing, and may be addressed at his residence, 30 Ash street, or at the Music Stores of Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington street, Geo. P. Reed & Co., 13 Tremont street, or Nathan Richardson, 282 Washington street.

REFERENCES.—Lyman Nichols, Esq., 10 Joy Street, Boston.

John Bigelow, " 42 Blossom St. "
Oliver Ditson, " "
George P. Reed, " "
N. Richardson, " "
Hon. T. D. Elliot, New Bedford.
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Joseph Bickerton, Esq. "

Sept 30

G. A. SCHMITT,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,
May be addressed at Mr. O. DITSON'S, 115 Washington St.,
or Mr. N. RICHARDSON'S, 282 Washington St.

REFERENCES.
John S. Dwight, Esq. Mrs. Farnham,
O. Ditson, Esq. 6 Copeland St. Roxbury.
N. Richardson, Esq. Epes Sargent, Esq.
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Messrs. GEORGE PEABODY, D. H. SILSBEE, Salem.
Jan. 21. 3m.

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REFERENCES:—Mrs. C. W. Loring, 33 Mt. Vernon St.
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